The fun of the Thing.

PYROTECHNIC SEVEN AGES OF MAN. All the world's a Fourth of July, and all the men and wamen are but fire works. h - have their findes and explosions.

All the workle a Feierth of duly.

And all the men and wamen are but fireworks.

They have their timbes and explosions.

And see mus in his time sees many stars.

At first the infant, with fire cracker.

That downs the boots and frighteen all the women.

Then comes the pistot, when the boyleh field

Stands out the poly kistores, markles, must and mails

Pistodyes fingers; puts out people a give,

And anims for life a great part of his friends.

Then comes the lover, with his pulling crackers,

His mild torpelors for the frighteen digits;

And thus he plays his part.

Then comes the Justice, with his ponich and gun,

Who traups afield to shoot one little hird.

And then the soldier, with his prince and fire,

His Bowlitzer, petard, and bomb;

His Reminghou and Enthel, shot and shell;

And all the dread accontinuants councille history.

Cames second citallate and highly the content of the condition of the fire of the condition of the fire of the condition of the

After the circus had opened to the public yes-terday, a gray-haired colored brother who held the hand of a boy of fourteen, as both stood ga-zing at the tent, shook his head in a solemn manner, and observed: "It's no use to cry 'hout it, sonny, kase we am not gwine in dar now." not gwine in dar now."
"But I want ter," whined the boy.
"In course you does. All chillen of your age
run to evil and wickedness, and dey mus' be sot

down on by dose wid 'sperience."

"You used to go," urged the boy.

"Sartin I did, but what was de result? I had sich a load on my conscience dat I couldn't sleep nights. I cum powerful nigh bein' a lost man, and in dem days de price of admishun was only

quarter, too."
"Can't we both git in for fifty cents!"

A Bray Ideal.—A young lady and gentleman were once looking at the picture of Gen. Wash-ngton's family. Young lady—"Who are those persons?" referring to the ones on the picture.
Young gent—"These are Washington's chil-

for the farmer.

Care of Live Stock for July.

A sheet of cotton cloth is a great protection to horses, screening them from files, dust and heat, while working in the harvest field. Especial care must be taken in keeping the horses clean. An occasional washing with a soft sponge and carbolic soap cleans and cools the skin, aids perspiration, drives away the flies, and is in every way healthful and refreshing. Horses may be given a bath in a stream at evening, provided they are not warm from work, and are not kept in the water more than a few minutes. If the horses are at pusture at night, they need a good, generous feed before being turned out. When kept in the stalls, a mess of green fodder may be given daily. Care of Live Stock for July.

given daily.

During hot weather, cows suffer if kept in a shadeless pasture. A cool, dark and clean stable is much preferred by them. They need an abundance of pure water, a plenty of nutritious food, and should be kept as comfortable as pos-

food, and should be kept as comfortable as possible.

Sheep that are intended for the butcher need to be pushed forward with liberal feeding. A quart of mixed ground feed to each animal daily, with the pasturage, will bring them quickly in good shape for the market. Store sheep need good pasture, with plenty of shade. If dysentery appears in the flock, remove the sick animals to a cool shed, and give one ounce of castor oil, with bran or out-meal mash. Should maggots be found upon the sheep, tar may be applied to the affected parts. Look well to the flock, that sheep do not suffer in any way during the hot summer months.

Growing young pigs for the early market is often very profitable. They may be ready in 100 days from birth, if well fed. At first, the sow needs to have rich food in abundance, that she may have a full flow of milk. After a few weeks, let the young pigs have meal and wheat middings.

New is the time to weed out the peer here in

dlings.

Now is the time to weed out the poor bens in the poultry yard. Foor layers or bad mothers can be quickly fattened in a coop, ready for market, and will command a good price.—American

mights. I cum powerful migh bein's lost man, and in dem days deepries of admishm was only a quarter, too."

"Can't we both git in for fifty cents!"

"I 'spect we might, but to morrer you'd be bilin' over wid wickedness, and rid be a backslipper from de church. Hush up, now, kase i hain't got but thirty cents, and dar am no show for crawlin' under de cauvas."

The boy still continued to cry, and the old man pulled him behind a wagon and continued:
"Henry Clay Scott, which had you rather do—go inter de circus and den take de awfulss lickin' a boy eber got, or have a glass of dat red lemonade, and go to heaben when you die! He fore you decide, let me splain dat I mean a lick in', which will take ebery inch ob de hide off, and I mean one of deat big glasses of lemonade. In addishun, I would obsarve, dat a circus am gwine on in heaben all de time, and de price ob admissimum am simply nominal. Now, sah, what I'll be yo took the lemonade, but the drawn it with tears in his eyes.—Courier-Journal.

Eansas Wheat.

"I don't understand," said the drummer, looking out of the window, "why the farmers allow young cattle to nibble at the tops of their winter wheat."

"Why," said the Kansas man, "it's to make the roods strong. But they couldn't do that in Kansas. I remember poor Dick Smith; he turned his cattle out to graze on the meadow, which he had sown in winter wheat, thinking that it was growing toe fast—and it does grow powerfully fast there. The next morning he went out to round up his cattle, but nary a cattle could he find."

"They had all taken to their heels, eh!" said the fat man.

"No, no; bless you, no. There had come up a shower in the night, that had started Smith's wheat to growing, and the wheat down!" asked the Flainville man.

"No, no; cless you, no. There had come up a shower in the night, that had started Smith's wheat to growing, and the wheat down!" asked the Flainville man.

"No, no; replied the Kansas man, "he could not have sold it."

"Because it would have tasted of the beef."

Selfish Fritz.

M

crops. That is, the piece of land selected for the furnips is fenced in, and cattle are confined thereon at night, for several weeks or mouths. When the time for sowing arrives the cattle are turned off, the land plowed shallow, fined, and the seed sown, and the result is good crops. This method, no doubt, would prove a successful one on the mellow soil of the North, always provided there was was no stirring of the soil beyond preparing a fine, mellow seedbed, not exceeding two or three inches deep.

Young lady—"Who are those persons?" referring to the ones on the picture.
Young gent—"These are Washington's children."
Young gent—"These are Washington's children."
Young gent—"These are Washington's children."
Young gent—"Well, perhaps they are his gradefallithen."
"Yety probable?" responded the young lady, as she petulantly withdrew her bean frage the picture.

A Hint in Time about Ivy.
Those who have given any attention to decorate the properties of the irons with heiring plasts, are aware properties. The picture is the picture.

A Hint in Time about Ivy.
These who have given any attention to decorate the picture.

A Hint in Time about Ivy.
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The method, not exclude the picture in the picture.

A Hint in Time about Ivy.
The method, not be a picture in the pic

Our Scrap Book.

THE GOOD WIFE. It is just as you ear, neighbor Green, A treasure indeed in my wife; Such another for beate and work I never have formal in my life. But, then, ah keeps every one cise As leavy as birtle on the wing; There is never a moment for rest, She is such a folgety thing.

She makes the bost bread in the town, Her pies are a perfect delight, Her coffee a rich golden lawen. Her craffers and poldting just right. But then, while I cat them, she tells of the cars and the worsy they bring. Of the marty-like toil she endures; O, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as next as a pin,
You should see how the door handles shine.
And all of the soft conshoned chairs.
And allorly swept carpets are mine.
But then, she so frets at the dust.
At a fly, at a straw or a string.
That I stay out of doors all I can.
She is such a fadgety thing!

She doctors the neighbors; O, yes,
If a child has the messics or croup.
She is there with her suffrom and squills,
Her danity made gracels and supp.
Bet, then, she insists on her right
To physic my biased in the Spring.
And she takes the whole charge of my bile;
O, she a such a feigety thing.

She knits all my stockings herself.

My shirts are bloached white as enow; My old clothes look better than new.

When to church on Sunday Ign.
But, then, if a more-of flint.
Or dust to my trousers should cling.
I'm sure of one sermon, at least,
She is such a flegoty thing. You've read of a spirit so meek, So meek that if never opposes; Its own it dares never to speak— Alas, I am meeker than Moses! But then, I am not reconciled The authordinate music to sing; I sabinit, to get rid of a row, She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green, A treasure to me has been given; But sometimes I fain would be glad To lay up my treasure in heaven. But then, every life has its cross, Most plensures on earth have their sting; She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green, But she's such a flidgety thing.

A TRIFLE MIXED.

Aseful and Curious.

Nice Summer Drinks.

Nice Summer Drinks.

A great many industries start afresh and with great impulses in the Spring of the year. One of these is the business of preparing "cooling beverages" for Summer driuks. The bottling establishments are in operation the year through, but in the Spring preparations are made for the Summer increase. The demand for the lighter drinking materials, if if not for all, is regulated by the weather, to a great extent. If the season be bot and dry, the people will be in the same condition. The amount of sweetened water that is sold under various names is simply enormons. Sola is water impreguated with carbonic acid gas. Carbonic acid gas is made from poliverized marble and vitriol. The marble is put into a receiver and mixed with the vitriol. The gas is thus generated, and after passing through purifiers or through water is ready to be charged into any kind of sweetened water. A bottling-machine fills a bottle if a second with the help of one operator. Over the bottling-table are the reservoirs containing syrups, connected with the sottling-machine. The carbonic acid gas, mingled with water, is let in, the syrup faucet is opened, and in the space of a second a bottle of guger ale, sarsaparilia, pep or other mixture is ready for market.

The discovery of ginger ale gave a refreshing drink to millions. It is supposed that more would

ready for market.

The discovery of ginger ale gave a refreshing drink to millions. It is supposed that more would be sold if the name "ale" was not given to it. As it is nothing more than water sweetened with ginger syrup and charged with carbonic acid gas, it has no very marked intoxicating or even stimulating qualities. It is the great Summer drink—harmless, pleasant, refreshing and healthful. The item of bottles is an important one. The bottles cost more than the ale. Every bottle requires washing, every time it is empiried. For The bottles cost more than the ale. Every bottle requires washing, every time it is emptied. For this purpose a machine has been invented and put in operation to take the place of hand labor. This machine washes sixty bottles per minute, and does it as well as the most careful hand. The saving in labor is great. Besides the city consumption, the sea-shore trade will soon begin again. At Summer resorts the chief diversion of many is drinking. Why not! The salt air produces thirst.—Providence Journal.

A Simple Barometer. A correspondent of the English Mechanic thus describes a simple barometer: Take a glass tube about 7 inches long, and about \$\phi\$ of an inch internal diameter, and draw out one end before the blowpipe to a point, leaving a very small orifice, about 1-100 to 1-60 of an inch in diameter. This end of the tube should not be quite sharp, but somewhat rounded. A cork is prepared to fit tightly the wide end of the tube, and if the cork is made of cork its sides and upper ends A TRIFLE MIXED.

"What is the trouble about Mr. Loubat and Mr. Turnbull, my dear!" asked Mrs. Spoopen-dyke, dreamily, fingering around the baby's mouth. "is there a suspicion out that they are mouth. "is there a suspicion out that they are mouth." is there a suspicion out that they are mouth. "is there a suspicion out that they are mouth." is there as suspicion out that they are divise, looking up from his paper. "Who have they murderes!"

"Murderers of who!" demanded Mr. Spoopen-dyke, looking up from his paper. "Who have they murdered!"

"Didu't I see in one of the papers that they found a druggist who sold arsenic to Mr. Loubat, and that Mr. Turnbull was seen ou the flying the before the body was found."

"What paper said so!" snorted Mr. Spoopen-dyke. "What paper said so!" snorted Mr. Spoopen-dyke. "What back number of a petiticnal pattern have you had hold of, this trip! Who's been loaning you the statistical reports of the lunatic asylums, lately?"

"I haven't followed it very closely," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, beginning to hedge, "but I miderstand, from what I saw, that Mr. Loubat was seen holding Mr. Turnbull's horse on Chapel Mrs. Spoopendyke, beginning to hedge, "but I metricand have a duet together, when the barometric pressure is low, indicating rain, a drop of water will appear at the orifice and hang at the lower end of the tabe. When the barometric pressure is low, indicating rain, a drop of water will appear at the orifice and hang at the lower end of the tabe. When the barometric pressure is low, indicating rain, a drop of water will appear at the orifice and hang at the lower end of the tabe. When the barometric pressure is low, indicating rain, a drop of water will always remain suspended. "I have had a tube of this discription hanging in my laboratory, "saysthe writer, "for two years, and I find its indications for rain and dry weather will always remain suspended. "I have had a tube of this discription hanging in my laboratory, "saysthe writer, "for two years, and I find its indications fo

when he found that his lucid explanation made no impression on his wife. "And they put a glass window with red lights in her side, and a glass window with red lights in her side, and a glass window with red lights in her side, and so feetive anti-scorbutic. Sailors at sea are protected axis and scorry is driven away when having plenty of onions, and scorry is driven away when they can fortune out of her, if she hadn't kicked against having a candy counter in her ear, and a soda fountain in her dod gasted sesophagus! Got hold of it this time? And Loubat and Turnbull quarreled because she got sand in her gullet, and specified the stock! Want any more information? Think you can talk intelligently on the subject to the neighbors now?"

Ice Cream.

Two quarts of new milk, ten eggs, one table-spoonful of corn-starch, stir it in the milk, then stir in the eggs and cook, but do not let them curdle; one and a half pounds of sugar. Cook the night before, so that it will be thoroughly cold; add two teaspoonfuls of vanillia. If you wish a strawberry favor to the cream, mash and strain them and add sugar; one pint of berries, four onnees of sugar to two quarts of cream. Put the cream into a freezer and set in a tub or pail, fill the pail with broken ice, strew coarse salt between each layer of ice, taking care that none gets into the cream. Break the ice by putting it in an old grain sack and pounding with an ax. As the cream freezes scrape it from the bottom and sides of the freezer with a spoon. A large sized lard can or tin pail may be used instead of a freezer; but in that case the cream must be often scraped from the sides and well beaten to make it fine grainets. Ice Cream.

Learning to Swim. Learning to Swim.

There really is no mystery in learning to swim—an accomplishment which is possessed in perfection by the most stupid of frogs. the trunk, less the arms, is heavier than water; with the arms it is lighter; all, therefore, that a person has to do is to acquire the habit of drawing in the breath when he is preparing to make a stroke, and expelling the breath while he is making it. Let any one do this and keep caim, and he will ind that he can swim. But, perhaps, it is better to acquire confidence by a preliminary course of floating. To do this it is only necessary to lie that on the water, stretch out the arms with the palms of the hands downward, throw back the head, and if the body sinks, slowly fill the lungs with air.—Loudon Tratk.

How to Serve Iced Tea.

How to Serve Iced Tea. Iced tea will soon be offered at supper and at limch. If you wish to have it perfect and with-out the least trace of bitter, put the tea in cold water hours before it is to be used; the delicate flavor of the tea and abundant strength will be flavor of the tea and abundant strength will be extracted, and there will not be a trace—if one's taste is the judge—of the tannic acid, which renders tea so often disagrecable. You need not use more than the usual quantity of tea. If it is to be served at one o'clock, put it in water soon after breakfast, and ice a few minutes before serving. The best way is to have ice broken in a pitcher, and put one lump in each glass.—Nee York Ecening Post.

A RECIPE FOR HARD SOAP.—Nearly every family accumulates during the winter, drippings from beef and mutton. These can be utilized for the grease by boiling in water, allowing it to cool, then reineving from the water and boiling till all the water is expelled. Of course the whiter the grease, the nicer the soap. Take six pounds sal soda, six pounds grease, three and a half pounds new stone lime, four gallons soft water, half a peund borax. Put the soda, lime and water into aniron boiler, boil till all is dissolved. When well settled, pour off the clear lye, wash out the kettle and put in the lye, grease and borax, boil till it comes to soap, pour into a tub to cool, and when hard cut into bars and put on boards to dry. This is very nice for washing white flauncles and calico. A RECIPE FOR HARD SOAP .- Nearly every fam-

VALUE OF MUSTARD.—Mustard is one of the VALUE OF MUSTARD.—Mustard is one of the most valuable plants for plowing under. It grows as quick as any other crop, and if sown thickly will afford an excellent green manure in time for wheat. It has the advantage of being able to grow as early as peas and as late as the arrival of frost. To renovate with mustard, not only one but successive crops can be turned under the same season.

CURE FOR IVY POISONING.—Bathe the parts afflicted with spirits of nitre. If the blisters be broken, so as to allow the nitre to penetrate the cuticle, more than a single application as rarely mecessary, and even where it is only applied to the surface of the skin three or four times a day, there is rarely a trace of the poison left the way. there is rarely a trace of the poison left the next RASPRERRY PUDDING .- Line the bottom of a

RASPHERRY PUDDING.—Line the bottom of a very deep pudding dish with alices of bread moist-ened with creamy milk, cover with a thick layer of berries sprinkled with sugar. Fill to the top with alternate layers of bread and fruit. Cover-with an inverted plate and bake until the fruit The Macou Telegraph thus concludes an emphatic editorial: "If we has a hundred tongues, and each as eloquent as the Apostle Paul's in his sublimest flights, we would use them all to burn upon the minds of the planters of Georgia this injunction: Plant plenty of corn."

To MAKE APPLE CUSTARD.—Take fine apple, flavor with lemon or rose, and half-fill the pie-plates with it. Pour over a nice custard flavor-ed with nutmeg or vanilla, and bake. Use aqua ammonia for thesting of bees

Select Poetry.

I heard the words of the preacher, As he read that hymn so dear. Which mother sang at our cradle, To the ancient tune of Mear.

And I felt her angel presence,
As sung were those blessed words:
My heart was with rapture filling,
As sweet as the song of birds.

I louged for the land of Summer, Life's river, with waters clear; For the calm, sweet eyes of mother. Who sang the old tune of Meur.

Of the tale of the shepherds' watching Over their flocks in the night! Of the dear Lord sending angels Enshrouded in glory bright. O, story! told in the Orient.
To each wandering shepherd's em

That story, sang by my mother, To the hallowed tute of Mear, O. pure, white babe of the manger ! Thy story shall ever run. Till redemption's work is finished. All souls to God's kingdom won!

To day, that e'er welcome cadence Of song floated back to me; Over the paths of my childhost, It lovingly came, all free. I thanked the good, kind All-Father For the memory brightly clear— The saintly smile of my mother, And her low voice singing Mear.

Ah, me! the father has rested Many and many a year— The mother, who sang by our crudie Has gone to a higher sphere. Brothers and sisters have patried— Some live in the Better Land, And some are waiting their summo Sejourners yet on Life's strand.

I feel, when we meet up youder, Where cometh no sign or tear, Our mothers will softly sing us The grand old tune of Mear. CHILDREN GONE. Sometimes, when the day grows dusky, And the stars begin to come, When the children from their playthings, Come singing and langhing home. I think, with a sudden sorrue, As they press through the open door, Of the faces of the children That we never shall see any more.

Children in snow-white caskets, Laid away to their rost, Their still hands lying folded Over their pulseless breast! Children who came and tarried, As only it were, for a night. And passed, at the break of the morning. On a far journey, out of sight.

On a long and lonely journey.

Where we could not belp or hold.

For we saw but the cleaning of the cyclids,
The fading locks of gold:
And knew how now was but silence
Where once had been prattle and song.
And only a chill and a sortew
Where was sunshine the whole day long.

Away from our care and careases, "God knows where they are," we say, And we know that we tarry behind them Only a little way;
For we, too, haste in our journey, And we know it will not be long.
Till we come to the City Eternal,
The rest and the rapture of song.

Yet, oft, when the sun is setting.
In unspeakable splender of light,
Or the day grows dim and dusky,
And the shadows stretched into the night,
When the children, tirst with their playing,
Come in through the open dosu;
I think of the dear, dear children
Who never will come any more. ECHOES.

MY W. R. PAROR. We listen late, we listen long.
To catch the echoes olden.
That float across the set of song.
From lands forever golden.
With memorise of happy days.
Of tender thoughts and pleasant ways. Fair shone the sun along the alopes As when, in days departed, We gathered all the blooming hopes That made us happy hearted; But never sun that shone so bright As stars that light up memory's night

We read the riddle over— But fear within and gloom without. Life's changing pathway cover. And each thankegiving season tolls. Some wave of grief across our souls. The years are passing, and our feet Grow weary with their going; The tides that part, the tides that meet, Are still forever flowing; But there are ships that sail across The ocean of amounted loss.

And in them, weeking unknown lands, Love's venture lies; and faces Are grouped in white and trembling hands, That once, which in life's gives, Were hidden sin some happy breast, And, blushing, owned to being blest. Come back, we cry—but faint and far The echoes that out from us. And shining awa or twinking star Above a land of prunise. But show the littighed paths that lead To lands where hearts forever bleed.

DRIFTING DOWN.

Drifting down in the gray given twilight,
Oh, the scent of the new mown has?
Soft dip the mars in the movie skylight,
Oh, the charm of the dying day?
While failing frecks of bright opalisesemen
But faintly dapple a suffrm sky.
The stream flows on with superioquiescen.
The breeze is hushed to the softest sight.
Drifting down in the sweet, still weather,
Oh, the fragrance of July?
Luve, my lave, when we drift together,
Oh, how fleetly the moments fly! Drifting down on the dear old river,
Oh, the music that interweaves?
The ripples run and the sedges shiver,
Oh, the song of the lary leaves?
And for off sounds for the night so clear is—
Awake the school of by gone times;
The numbed our of the distant wer is
Cheerest by the clang of the merry chimes,
Brifting down in the cloudless weather,
Oh, how short is the Summer day?
Love, my, love, when we drift together,
Oh, how quickly we drift away?

Drifting down as the night advances,
Oh, the colm of the starlit skies!
Sycids droop of or the half shy glances,
Oh, the light in those blue-gray eyes!
A winsome manion is sweetly singing
I winsome manion is sweetly singing
A mingled nucledy lack to me.
Drifting down in the clear, calm weather,
Oh, how sweet is the marker's song!
Leve, my lave, when we drift tagether,
Oh, how quickly we drift laten;

MOONLIGHT PICTURES. MOONLIGHT PICTURES.

O. moonlight, making pictures bright
Upon my parlor wall.

Thou bring set to me a childrish voice.
A gentir, timid call
Of one who, with her little face
Pressed gainst the window pane.
Would call, throughout the twilight time,
"O. moonlight, come again.
And make bright pictures on my wall!"
And when the droughing trees
Were parted by the meaning winds
That came up front the seas.
And quivering bars of silver light
"The schemen, for the wall."
The schemen, for the wall.
And e'en the blossens, failing
Shed by to grasp those shiming rays,
And, in that sert, bright light,
She looked as now—unseen she walks
With angels, robed in whits.
I almost see her upturned face,
Her large and wondering eyes,
A watching new the forcy clouds
to sailing up the skies.
I almost see the rupturned face,
They see the rupturned face,
Her large and wondering eyes,
A watching new the forcy clouds
to sailing up the skies.
I almost heat those childish words—
They see the control of the mean,
O. pictures, come again.
O. pictures, come again.
I listen—those shi chad;
Her little voice filled all my heart,
I heard not what she sail.
O, moonbears, rest upon the grave
Where my blue-eyed laby sleeps;

O, moonbeams, rest upon the grave Where my blue-sped laby sleeps; But come not to the dreary walls Wherein a mother weeps.

REUNION. The frosty stars were twinkling in the sky.
The moorhand lay before us white with some.
The moorhand lay before us white with some.
Where shall we meet! On such a moorhand hone?
In crowded city street, or corntry lane?
On sarely beach walk, while the see makes moan?
In quiet chamber? Shall we meet again
On noy space of sid familiar ground,
Our children hands or in a fas-off land?
Ah, me! what if on earth ne spot be found.
For longing eyes to meet, and clasping hands?
What their! if angry fate remains hurs,
A better meeting waits beyond the stars. A better meeting waits beyond the stars.

When shall we muset, who parted in the night?
At some calm dawning, or in noontide heat?
To-day? to morrow? or will yours take flight,
Before our yearning heat's find we leasure sweet?
Beside our path, and rustle overhoad?
Or, leter, when a leaden Winter sky
Looks coolily on the empty garden heaf?
While youthful faith and hopefulness are only?
Or only when our heir is growing gray?
Ah, me! we may have done with earthly hears,
Before it comes to ms, that happy day!
What then 'Let life's lone path he humbly trad,
And where or when we meet, we leave to God.

CHILDHOOD'S MUSIC.

BY SECRER L. CATLIN.

I know not why, yet often, when I'm seated Wrapt in some day-dram's soft, delicious Within the cloisters of my son't repeated, I hear the music sweet of other days. The cradle song that, when the svening shalows Began to fall, breathed out a soft "Good-night"— The boyish gloes that ran across the meadows At early morn, when Summer skies were bright— The organ's tones, so selemn and sonorous, Heralling days when Faith and Trust were sure— The far-of wookland ecfoose of some chorus Sung o'er by childish voices, sweet and pure—

Of hopes and promises so fondly spoken, When teachings good to good resolves gave birth, While yet the dear home circle was unbroken, "Mid hours of diressle merriment and mirth. Ab, me! these scenes come back with all the seeming Of sweet realities—I know not why— And so. I find a pleasure in this denaming, And these dim melodies of days gone by.

BEAUTIFUL TREES. Upward, forever, their branches they raise; Upward, mid Summer's wide pean of praise, Priest-like, in white, they are nutrantrag low; Praying, in raisested of bleastening snow, Whispering their gratitude husbed on the breeze-Trees, trees, beautiful trees! Drouping forever is wee e'er the dead,
Where the feet of the mearners is reverence tread;
Where the pale children whisper in swe by the tamb
And sere-hearted women by burches of bloom—
Silent, but ecruing all consecious of these—
Trees, trees, astrowing trees!

Sage-like and stately, majestic and old, Embrased with wild lichens and messes of gold, Where pieces, like white fingers, the beams of the And harp through your leaves an stolian tune, While songs of the Past seem to fisse on the breaz Trees, trees, beautiful trees!

In your shadowy avenues, stretching away,
Like the novos of cathedrais, deep-columned and gray,
I silently enter, and make my head have.
As I should in the most soleant temple of prayer;
For I feel I must praise in the presence of those
Trees, trees, leastiful trees!



Neutralizing, Absorbing, and Expelling Scrafulous, Cancerous, and Canker ---HUMORS-

The cause of most human ills, and curing when physic hospitals, and all ofter methods and framelies fall. Ser or King's Evil, Girndrian Swellings, Ulcers, old; Ser Wilk Leg, Mercernial Affections, Eryalpelan, Tumors, scesses, Carlomeles, Bolls, Road Poisson, Bright's Dis Wasting of the Kidneys and Liver, Rheumatism, Com-tion, Piles, Dyspepsia, and all Reding and Scaly -ERUPTIONS-Of the Skin and Scalp—anch as Salt Rhsum, Pacetarls, ter. Ringworm, Barber's Iteh, Scald Head, Itching P and other Distiguring and Torturing Humors, from a I ple to a Scridalite Ulcer, when assisted by CCTICTRAS. The great Skin Cures.

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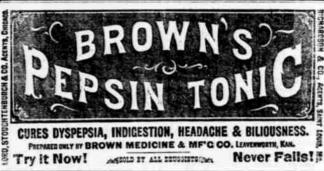
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R. A. GAINES. lall's Sparin Care.

Enselorgh Falls, Vi., Feb. 25th, 1879.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 25th day of February, A. D. 1879.

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